

"MINING QUEEN'S" FIGHT TO GET A SHARE OF A MILLION.

Mrs. True-Nell, Head of the Billion-Dollar Company, Tells of Suit Against Corbin.

Mrs. Estelle True-Nell, proclaimed mining queen of the world, head of the billion-dollar Queen Mining Company, operator in mining stocks, who has been in several courts, has lost her suit for \$500,000 against A. Corbin, Jr., by dismissal at Watertown. The action was brought in Supreme Court to compel the defendant to relinquish half of a million which the plaintiff alleges he made through her efforts to introduce him to Missouri capitalists. The story of Mrs. True-Nell is told in her own language.

BY MRS. ESTELLE TRUE-NELL.

It only goes to show what chance a woman has in the courts against a man worth a million and a half. I made that man and he turns upon me. It is ungratefulness the like of which was never known. I hold him up to the contempt of the world.

It was in '97, I guess, that he came to me through an advertisement I inserted in a New York newspaper calling for a partner with \$10,000. When I advertised for \$10,000 I had no idea any one would respond unless he had that amount. My proposition was a good one. Corbin came to me and listened to my scheme.

I told him of the lease I had on the Ashcroft mine, and the knowledge I possessed concerning mining properties in Missouri and other Western States. My own holdings were valuable, but I needed ready cash in the enterprise I was ready to launch.

"BILLY" WEST HAS A CANCER.

Too Much Smoking the Cause of the Minstrel's Condition.

"Billy" West, as he is familiarly known, manager and proprietor of West's Minstrels, is very ill in a private hospital.



W. H. WEST.

vate sanitarium with a cancer in his right jaw, the result of too much smoking. Some time ago an abscess formed in his mouth and the doctors forbade him smoking. He desisted for a time but started again, with the result that he has to have a second operation and in a very bad shape. His company starts rehearsals this week and takes the road at the end of the month, but it is very doubtful if Mr. West will be sufficiently recovered to join it.

THREE HORSES BURNED.

Three horses were burned to death in a two-story frame stable at Inwood avenue and One Hundred and Seventy-ninth street, this morning. The stable and horses belonged to Albert Kentsner. Furniture worth \$1,000, stored in the barn, was also destroyed.

Bargains for Good Dressers.

Suits and top coats to order, made by skilled tailors in large, light workrooms, are being sold by Cohen & Co., at Nassau and Ann streets, for low prices. Considering the material, the perfection of cutting and fitting and the superior workmanship employed, they are declared the greatest bargains in bargain history. Every garment is made on the premises.

It is not a stock-clearing sale, this slaughter of prices. Cohen & Co. have an immense plant and the low cost of the suits and coats is made solely to keep their large force of cutters and men tailors employed during the dull season without interruption. The action will prevail for sixty days.



MRS. TRUE-NELL.

He always signed himself A. Corbin, Jr., but he was not a relative of the great financier. His name is Amasa.

Well, we talked the matter over. He didn't have \$500,000, and showed me his bankbook. All that he could muster was \$50,000. But he begged so persistently for me to take him into the scheme that I finally consented to go with him to Joplin. It was understood at that time that I was to share in every dollar he made.

He said if he could make \$50,000 a year it would transform him to the seventh heaven of delight. I told him that he would have double the amount if he would follow my instructions. He followed them all right, but the money he made he was careful to keep to himself.

Why, that man has made \$1,500,000 which he would never have seen if I had not gone with him to that country. At Joplin I took him to my house. I

OSBORNE BOY FALLS TO DEATH.

Son of Assistant District Attorney Takes Plunge from Window.

The body of Van Wyck Osborne, the two-year-old child of Assistant District Attorney and Mrs. James W. Osborne, was brought to this city today for burial. The little fellow met his death yesterday by falling from a third story window of the Dutchess House, at Pawling, N. Y.

Mrs. Osborne, who is the daughter of Augustus Van Wyck, the brother of the Mayor, is nearly prostrated by grief. The boy, a bright little fellow who was named for his grandfather, was the pet of the Osborne and Van Wyck families. At the time of the accident the child's nurse was preparing to put the little fellow to bed. While she was moving about the room he leaped toward the window. The nurse's back was turned and she did not notice his movements.

Hearing some voices outside on the street and some children laughing, out of childish curiosity the baby crept up on a chair and pushed the screen of the open window to one side.

The nurse turning about suddenly discovered the little one hanging over the sill to see what was going on in the street. With a cry of alarm she sprang toward the baby. She was too late. Before she was able to clutch him the child had tumbled out. It fell head first. Its skull was crushed and death was instantaneous.

Mr. Osborne and his wife were out driving when the accident occurred. The awful news was broken to the mother gently by her husband, who had been taken aside and told about it by a friend. Mrs. Osborne's grief was heartrending, and for a time it was thought that she would go out of her mind.

EXPECT CURES BY ST. ANNE.

Afflicted Pilgrims from All Over Country Flocking Here.

On Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock Archbishop Corrigan will celebrate the mass in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, in East Seventy-sixth street, which begins the annual novena to St. Anne. The services will continue for nine days, and during that time the lame, the halt and the blind from all over the country will visit the church to be cured by the relic of the good St. Anne.

The relic has been removed from its former position at the sanctuary rail and taken down into the crypt which has been specially prepared for it. In the crypt the walls have been sheathed in white marble and tablets of prayer and praise dedicated to the saint have been chiseled out of the stone. A new altar has been erected with electric fittings, and during the special services it will be ablaze with candles and globes of light.

Lying in a case of glass is the piece of bone of the tibia of the saint, to which pilgrimages will be made from all parts of the country. The nine days' services will be elaborate. Just outside the sanctuary railing will be the rack for crutches and braces which the people hope to discard after their cures.

TOLD OF DEATH IN A DREAM.

Mrs. Cronant Had Vision of Edgar Hart Drowned.

A gruesome confirmation of a woman's dream was the finding of the body of Edgar Hart in the Narrows off Fort Hamilton yesterday. Hart lived at No. 135 Monroe street, Brooklyn. He disappeared on March 7.

A few days after his disappearance Mrs. Frederick Cronant, with whom he boarded, dreamed that she had found a note from him on the dresser in the room. The note said that he had been drowned and that his body was at the foot of East Twentieth street, in this borough.

The dream had a great effect on Mrs. Cronant and her husband, and they were not surprised when called upon to identify the body last night.

Hart, when he disappeared, was a diamond stud and a diamond scarf pin when last seen. The money and jewelry were missing when the body was found, but in this itself is not an indication of foul play. The jewelry might have been removed by river pirates who found the body floating and turned it loose again.

Hart was engaged to be married to a young woman in the neighborhood of the Cronant home. Every effort is being made to keep the news of the recovery of the body from her, as it is feared it would affect her mind. She has never believed that he was dead.

"SAND HOG" GOT THE "BENDS."

Fell 40 Feet from the Top of a Caisson and May Die.

A few hours after getting work as a "sand hog" in the foundation of the new Stock Exchange Building, the sand hog, the oldest structure in Broad street, Thomas Rooney, of No. 39 West One Hundred and Forty-seventh street, was overcome with "bends," a species of paralysis peculiar to workers in caissons, and fell from the top of the tube to the bottom, a distance of forty feet.

He was slowly falling on two companions, who were in the bottom of the tube. He was unconscious when picked up, and his spine was injured. He was taken to the Hudson Street Hospital and will probably die.

Work in the bottom of the caisson requires men with strong bodies and lung and experience, as the air is supplied under an artificial pressure of about 15 pounds. The men are worked in short shifts and receive good wages. Rooney, who is an ex-member of the police force of Cincinnati, had been waiting in the building for a long time in hope of getting work and last night was given a job.

He descended the thirty-foot tube into the caisson, which is ten feet deep, and the air lock at the top was closed.

LOST HER LOVE; THEN SUICIDE. LAST NICKEL FOR POISON.

Thefon Sanders Heard Sweetheart Intended to Wed Another.

After grieving for a week over the news that the sweetheart he had left in Sweden was about to marry the man who had stayed at home and courted her assiduously, Thefon Sanders shot himself this morning at his home, No. 310 East Nineteenth street. He was dead when his cousin, with whom he lived, went to awaken him for breakfast.

Sanders was twenty years old and was employed as a clerk in a dry goods store. He had been in New York four years working hard to make the fortune which would enable him to send for his sweetheart.

He received a letter from his mother a week ago telling him that the girl was tired of waiting and was about to marry another man. Since then he had been despondent and said that there was no use in living and working.

KILLED BY DUMBWAITER.

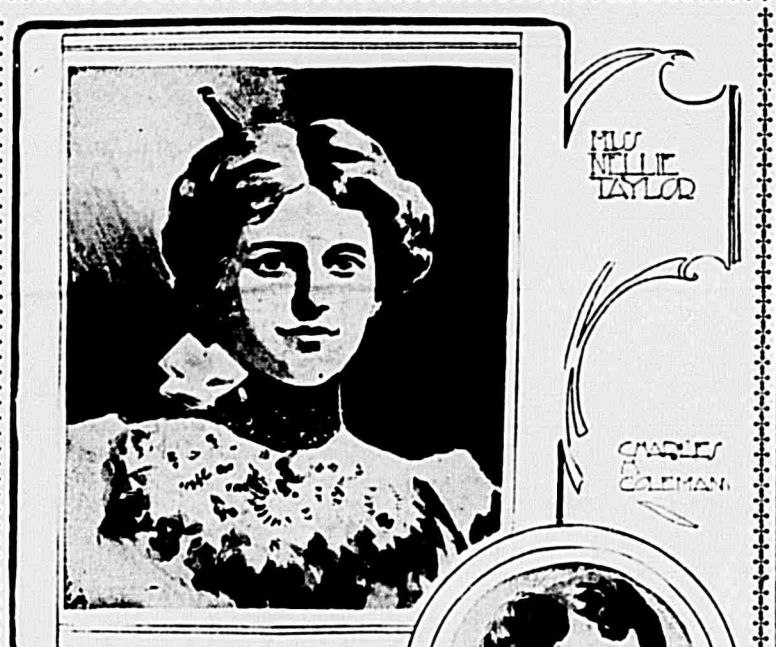
Rope Broke and Box Fell on Head of Man Delivering Meat.

Frederick Rothschild, employed in his brother's butcher shop at No. 216 Fifth avenue, was killed yesterday in the flat-house at No. 1 East One Hundred and Thirty-first street.

He had delivered meat to a family on the third floor, sending it up on the dumb waiter. He looked up the shaft to see if the meat was taken off the waiter, when the rope broke and the box fell on his head, fracturing his skull.

TERRORIZED BY 2 VEILED WOMEN.

Miss Taylor Has Dogs, Revolvers, Electric Bells and Detectives to Protect Her.



MISS TAYLOR.

(Special to The Evening World.) MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., July 15.—Miss Taylor, the handsome young housekeeper of the Hotel Columbus, in Roberts street, is practically a prisoner in the hotel. She is afraid of two veiled women who have been seen about the place and who assaulted her some weeks ago in the yard back of the hotel and who poured a mixture of carbolic acid and oil of cedar on her face, burning her severely.

Charles H. Coleman, proprietor of the hotel, has engaged detectives to watch for the two women, but has been unable to catch them.

Electric alarms have been attached to the two private entrances which lead upstairs to the first floor of the hotel, and Miss Taylor even refrains from walking through the corridors during the busy hours of the day.

She lives in a room on the first floor, at the head of the main staircase, and this room she keeps carefully locked and bolted. Three dogs guard the building, and after the place is closed at midnight, she, the big cobbler, remains in possession of the ground floor.

Mr. Coleman has provided himself with a revolver, and a weapon is also at the service of Miss Taylor. The

After working for a few hours the heavy air pressure was too much for the novice and he decided to go up. Instead of signalling for the bucket he climbed up the ladder, which is attached to the third-story shaft, inside the seven-foot tubular shaft.

SCHOONER IN DISTRESS.

The Henry J. Smith in Storm off Cape Hatteras.

(Special to The Evening World.) NORFOLK, Va., July 15.—The four-masted schooner Henry J. Smith, of Thomaston, Me., was today towed to Norfolk in great distress. The Smith, which was bound from Newport News to Trinidad, was struck by the terrific hurricane off Cape Hatteras on Wednesday last and suffered greatly.

BROOKLYN Y. C. CRUISE.

The Yachts Will Race Every Day for a Week.

The fleet of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, led by Commodore Cornelius Purgoon's flagship, the sloop Susie, reached Port Washington last night on its annual cruise to the eastward.

Champion Pinochle Player Found Paris Green an Emetic.

Ernest Krueser, seventy-one years old, spent every cent in the world but his last nickel and then tried to die. For years a watchman along First avenue, he was known far and wide as a champion pinochle player. Misfortune visited him, he lost his job; his meagre savings went for food, until there was no recourse but to beg.

Krueser lived at No. 140 First avenue in a little room for which he paid 50 cents a week. For several weeks his food cost him only 15 cents a day. Despite his years he robust constitution held out well.

Contemplating his future and looking at the last five cents, Krueser walked in the park last night and waited for morning to come. The opening of the first drug store saw him at the counter asking for Paris green.

He hurried into the street and ate the poison. In a daze he walked down the street waiting for the shadow of death to creep upon him. It didn't creep. Instead, Krueser got deathly sick. In front of the First avenue police station he found that the Paris green acted as an emetic. Krueser fell into the arms of a policeman, to whom he told his story. Then he begged the loan of a revolver that he might finish a job so poorly begun.

Instead the police called the ambulance and a stomach pump. Krueser was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Up there they say that if Krueser dies it will be from shock rather than from Paris green, which would have proved an interesting and healthy diet to any colony of potato bugs who might have associated with it in their home among the potato leaves.

CALL ON KELLER TO PROSECUTE.

Barker's Friends to Hold a Mass-Meeting To-Night.



JOHN D. BARKER.

All citizens who are desirous that the whole truth respecting the shooting of the Rev. John Keller by Thomas G. Barker, Feb. 3 last, have been invited to attend a mass-meeting in Arlington, N. J., tonight, under the auspices of the Thomas G. Barker Defense Association.

The committee in charge of the meeting is composed of George McClellan, chairman; H. R. Kearns, R. J. Victor, W. L. Stewart and John Sumner. A special committee, prominent on which is J. A. Stowe, has prepared an open letter to the Rev. Mr. Keller calling upon him to institute a suit for defamation of character against Mr. Barker, in order that the truth of the affair be ascertained. This letter will be submitted to the citizens.

"The letter which we have prepared," said Mr. Stowe, "will not form a basis of complaint on the part of the pastor's friends. While advising every one to believe Mr. Keller guilty of the assault on Mrs. Barker, we will not allow personal feelings to creep in. The sense of recent meetings is that the cloud of doubt should be swept from the community and the unwholesome discussion dropped."

Friends of the pastor's assailant claim that there is no obstacle whatever to Mr. Keller commencing a suit against Mr. Barker, and are practically a unit in favor of such a course.

HURT IN STREET COLLISION.

Frank Grande, thirty-five years old, of No. 7 Renwick street, was badly hurt today in a collision between a trolley car and a wagon he was driving at Fifty-fourth street and Eighth avenue.

Grande was taken to Roosevelt Hospital with a broken collar-bone and other injuries.

HARD TO BREAK.

But the Coffee Habit Can Be Put Off.

"I was a coffee user from early childhood, but it finally made me so nervous that I spent a great many sleepless nights, starting at every sound I heard and suffering with a continual dull headache. My hands trembled and I was also troubled with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The whole system showed a poisoned condition and I was told to leave off coffee, for that was the cause of it. I was unable to break myself of the habit until some one induced me to try Postum Food Coffee."

"The first trial the Food Coffee was flat and tasteless and I thought it was horrid stuff, but my friend urged me to try again and let it boil longer. This time I had a very delightful beverage and have been enjoying it ever since, and am now in a very greatly improved condition of health."

"My brother is also using Postum instead of coffee, and a friend of ours, Mr. W., who was a great coffee user, found himself growing more and more nervous and was troubled at times with dizzy spells. His wife suffered with nervous indigestion, also from coffee. They left it off and have been using Postum Food Coffee for some time and are now in a perfect condition of health."

Put a piece of butter in the pot the size of two peas to prevent boiling over.

SOL BERLINER GOES FROM BON VIVANT TO BANKRUPT.

Consult to the Canaries, Home on a Vacation, Asks to Be Relieved of \$51,353 Debts Incurred Through Signing Accommodation Paper—"Never Got a Penny."

Sol Berliner, United States Consul to the Canaries, is a bankrupt, or at least soon hopes to be legally declared one. He owes \$51,353, but with characteristic modesty does not state how much a small army of tax collectors owe him. Sol is a bon vivant, a viveur, a connoisseur, a raconteur, an entrepreneur and a "concomer" all of which the ex-Wicked Fred Gibbs called him one evening, to which Sol replied:

"You have a power of invective which is paralyzing. Your 'sour' lars me, but when you take me for the subject you err on the right side."

Mr. Berliner had not the courage to show up in the "Garden" corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a month after that. But whether vivour or raconteur, he has for years been one of the best-known figures along Broadway.

At one time Sol could open with as fast as the pop of corks sounded like a Maxim gun doing business. He could order a dinner fit for Lucullus, and carried so much money about him that two "strong-arm" men who held him up in West Thirty-ninth street one night thought it was counterfeit and refused to take it.

If they had done so Sol would have been happy for nothing seemed to give him more pleasure than separating himself from his money.

"A fool and his money soon part," said one of Sol's dependents, and Sol retorted: "Especially if you are around," retorted Mr. Berliner, who frequently surprised his associates by "chandering out a hot line."

Sol, besides being the bonum friend of Gibbs, Hess, Sol at one time, friend he became absorbed in politics, was a lively character, a next door neighbor, a dropped a good deal of money as a charity of Ed Rice when that perennially impoverished but big game and big hearted Barker, Rice's cafe, next door, was the resort for politicians and men-about-town.

Sol's most important plunge was when he bought a play from Leonard Grover,



"A Noble Son." It was acted by Edward J. Buckley, John A. Mackey, Nedra Cardwell, Pauline Markham and other well-known people, but it failed. It is said that this venture cost Sol every bit of \$12,000.

In his petition Mr. Berliner says that he "has a place of business at Tenerife, and that his present place of business is No. 2 West Twenty-third street, which is the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He also states that he was a member of the firm of Julius Berliner & Son, long since dissolved, without assets. The total liabilities are placed at \$51,353, consisting of unsecured claims amounting to \$27,000 and accommodation paper for \$24,353."

There are no assets except personal wearing apparel of the value of \$100, which is claimed to be exempt.

He says that the obligations which he seeks to be discharged of were all incurred prior to Feb. 2, other by the firm of Julius Berliner & Son or through his signing accommodation paper, and that he did not receive a penny of value from any of these obligations. So he seeks to be released of them.

"If any one can bring forward a debt that I have personally contracted since Feb. 1 I will gladly pay it," says Mr. Berliner. "Get a load of it and you'll be able to pay off a million, if necessary."

At this time Sol, who was preparing his bankruptcy petition, did not take of the drink.

"Don't be foolish," Sol advised Gibbs. "Get a load of it and you'll be able to pay off a million, if necessary."

women physically perfect," says the physicians' report. "We believe this is due to the gymnasium training in the Normal School and the appetite for athletics which has been developed in the last five years. These young women are strong and healthy, and free from nervous disorders and weakness of the eyes. The examinations were on the same lines as those made by life insurance companies."

RUSSIA'S CENSORSHIP.

Opens All Letters Received at Port Arthur.

TACOMA, Washington, July 15.—Many protests are being made because the Russian authorities at Port Arthur are opening all letters to and from the American and European residents there. Nothing is permitted to be sent out that contains any allusion to Russian military affairs or criticism of Russian methods.

Three Hundred of Them Singularly Free from All Defect.

CHICAGO, July 15.—Three women physicians have finished a physical examination of 300 young women who are to take up public school teaching.

"We have never before found so many

The Wanamaker Store

Store now closes at 5 o'clock daily, except Saturdays, when it closes at 12 o'clock, Noon.

Plenty of the DIMITIES.

Ready Today—at 5c a Yard

Of course we didn't have all the quarter-million yards of Dimities shipped to us at once—didn't expect to need the rest until this week. But we almost ran out on Friday, vast as were our supplies. Your demands were almost overwhelming; and yet we should not have been surprised. When fresh, crisp, fine and beautiful Dimities are offered at the price of calico, it is little wonder that you demand them by scores of thousands of yards. But we're ready with plenty to-day—thirty big cases have been opened and added to the collection. Ample quantities and the same profusion of dainty and beautiful patterns to choose from. Plenty of counter-space and salespeople to serve you comfortably. Plenty for those who order promptly by mail. 5c a yard.

SALE of TOWELS And Toweling

A superb offering of Pure Linen Towels is made today. It interests every housekeeper. These:

Huckaback Towels—
15c Towels, 20x33 in., at 10c each. 32c Towels, 20x40 in., at 25c each.
25c Towels, 20x38 in., at 21c each. 50c Towels, 20x39 in., at 37½c each.
Damask Towels—
25c Towels, 24x50 in., at 21c each. 50c Towels, 23x44 in., at 35c each.
75c Towels, 22x50 in., at 60c each.
Kitchen Towels—
12½c Hemmed Towels at 10c each. 30c Roller Towels, 17x90 in., at 24c each.
16c Checked Towels, 24x34 in., at 12½c each.
Toweling—
12½c kind at 8c a yard. 17c kind at 14c a yard. 20c kind at 16c a yard.

Popular Summer SILKS

Women appreciate such Silks as the two sensible sorts we tell of below. They make up well, as Summer dresses and waists, are comfortable to a degree, economical even at the prices at which they are sold elsewhere, and particularly so at these prices:

White Corded Wash Silks, 45c—
There seems to be no end to the demand for them. Probably because they are as easy everywhere else. Another lot of them has just arrived in stripes and checks; all white and washable. The best silks imaginable for waists.

SI Black Twilled Silks, 55c—
And come in white also. Their regular price is a dollar but we bought these under-price and sell them the same way. The make splendid Summer dresses or separate waists, and are excellent for linings. Very strong and serviceable.

Still some of these splendid quality Wash Silks here at 25c a yard.

Roadside.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.